

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER.

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PART III. MISS DOYLE.

CHAPTER III. "ONLY A FIDDLER."

"You shall go to the play," was spoken in the tone of a rather angry father towards a disobedient boy—as if Phoebe had already been ordered to go to the play, and had stubbornly refused to do any such thing. Of course it was Doyle himself whom Doyle, in spirit, had called "You;" it was one of his two selves addressing the other. But it all came practically to the same thing. His tone of command was, after all, more satisfactory than a mere cold and indifferent "Very well, then—you may go" would have been. She had never yet been commanded or ordered about with anything like authority, even by Phil; and the sensation was a little piquant and not at all disagreeable. Doyle might have fancied himself disappointed could he have seen, in spite of her having had to tumble up anyhow among boys, the amount of the natural woman that there was in Phoebe.

So soon as the matter was settled, it was he, and not she, who set about this simple business of play-going as if it were a serious affair. He did not say much about it, but any woman, without going a finger's-breadth below the surface, could see that it occupied his thoughts quite as much as house-hunting. Phoebe, as we know, was something of a clairvoyante in her way, and though, like clairvoyantes in general, she nearly always saw either wrongly or else what was not to be seen at all, she could not, when things lay very much on the surface, help seeing more or

less rightly now and then. But it did not strike her that there was anything like a childish streak in this part of her father's behaviour. On the contrary, unsympathetic as its manifestations were, it made her feel that plays are a more really important part of life even than she had supposed.

She was spared that half-hour of agony during which play-goers, in the first stage of their career, become quite convinced that the inconceivably indifferent middle-aged or elderly relation who is to take them will never have finished drinking his last lingering glass of wine; that his last two inches of cigar have grown, during the last two minutes, longer instead of shorter; that no cab will be found on the rank; and that, in short, the farce will have to begin without them. Phoebe's father proved himself a model for play-goers of his age. He was ready to the instant, as if he were a soldier on duty, and yet did not grumble at having been kept waiting by a single look or word. The cab was not late, was not exceptionally slow, and met with no delays, so that Phoebe's first experience of a theatre was one of unfilled stalls and the curtain down.

Her father, as they settled themselves in their box, had still the air of a soldier on duty. But it was with a sense rather of disappointment than of relief that he found himself by no means so affected with the pain of old memories and associations as he had expected to be. When he had been a play-goer at Helmsford he had been under a spell, which made that shabby little house a more wonderful temple of mystery to him than to the youngest child in the theatre. And it was not the place he remembered, but the spell under which the place had been. Even after the curtain

rose, and Olga was exercising all the small magic of which it was capable, the man of later middle age mentally rubbed his eyes, and wondered whether he had been dreaming in those days or if he were dreaming now. To find himself sitting after all these years, in a box at a theatre with a young girl by his side, was dream-like enough; but it was among his own once familiar ghosts that he had been dreading to find himself sitting, and not one of them was there. It is a real disappointment, even to a man of the age of reason, to find that one has been afraid of shadows which, as soon as they are faced, fly away, and do not even give one the satisfaction of a battle and a victory. So it was with Doyle. The battle-ground on which he had resolved to make the last stroke of conquest over his past turned out to be but a mere commonplace, in which no past was present to be conquered. He not only did not, but could not, see the form of Stella floating in the vapour of the footlights or feel as he had once felt during the pause contrived to give the leading lady an effective entry. So stubborn did fancy prove, that he at last caught himself trying to force up the ghosts of which he fancied himself afraid. Then at last, like a wise man, he shrugged his shoulders, left off worrying the ghosts, and—more like a middle-aged man, if less like a wise one—took for granted that in so empty a place his companion found nothing more than he could find. "There's nobody here to play Stella to her—fool," thought he. "I'm glad I came. I'm more of a dead man than I thought I was—and a good thing too." But now that his heart-ache was over he felt that it had been a sort of luxury, while it lasted, after all, and he missed the pain. "I suppose this is the first sign of growing old—the first real grey hair."

Phoebe lost no time in throwing her heart over stalls, orchestra, and footlights right into the middle of the stage. Although the inside of a theatre was not in the least like its picture in her imagination, she felt no disappointment and no disillusion. Something in the very atmosphere felt like the effect of native air, and made her feel, for the first time in her life, at home. Or rather it made her feel like one who goes home again after an absence of many years. The excitement she felt was not that of a mere foreign traveller who, after long visions of longed-for lakes and mountains, finds himself at last among

them. What she felt was the unconscious self-forgetful excitement of recognition: everything she saw and heard seemed to answer to a memory, like the caw of rooks and the scent of wallflowers in the sun. Every detail, down to the smallest and most trivial, was new, and yet not one was strange. And why should an acted phantom of unreal and impossible life, like this now forgotten Olga, be strange to a girl who had been an actress all her life, with herself for dramatic author, manager, and audience, all in one? This was her real life at last, because it was the realisation of all unreality. She threw her whole self into Olga: it was not the actress for whom the part had been written that was acting, but Phoebe Doyle. And the charm of it to her was not, as to simpler minds, that it seemed like reality, but because she knew all the time that it was only a play.

So another miscomprehension of one another, never to be explained away by words, rose between Doyle and her. He saw her through absorption, and set it down to the natural effect upon a novice of new excitements and new scenes, regarding it with the tolerant pity of hearts that imagine themselves killed at last for those that are still alive. She had no thought for him at all, but quite understood, without the trouble of thinking, why even so severe a father should have acted as if it were the first duty of man and woman to go to the play—why he had not said "you may," but "you shall." Suppose that the hours of daylight were fated to be spent like those of a cloistered nun—what then, if they were to be regarded but as intervals of rest before the Gas shed her beams over the world, and the Curtain rolled away, and "the light which never is on sea or land," save on those which are made of canvas and timber, arose? I suppose Phoebe was as mere a heathen as a savage who does not know even so much of Christian civilisation as the taste of its fire-water. But who believes like the savage in the reality of an ideal world? Phoebe had not only found hers, but had seen it with her eyes.

And then, just when nothing was less in her thoughts, her eyes turned, and met the fixed stare of Stanislas Adrianski.

No wonder she started, and turned crimson, and wondered what such a chance could mean, and wished—though in other words—that the author of her romance had not made so uncomfortable a blunder as to bring his hero face to face with his

heroine just there and just then. The sight of Stanislas made her conscious that the house had an audience as well as a stage; and her hero, with the gas-light full upon his upturned face, did not look so supremely fascinating as when he had paced his back yard in a London twilight, and had no comparisons to fear. She knew her sudden flush was of startled guilt towards her neglected, and, as he had every right to believe, forsaken, lover, and she read sternly—just upbraiding in his stony stare, and the effects of a heart half broken in his sallow cheeks and melancholy length of hair. It was as if he were pointing her out to the whole house as a woman who, for the sake of wealth, had thrown over the lover to whom she had bound herself while poor and unknown because he was poor and unknown still. It was not, it could not, be true; for what could be a greater sin? She brought her fan well into play, taught by instinct that it had other uses than those it was made for, and managed to glance at her father over her right shoulder. Fortunately, he was not looking towards the orchestra just now; but he might, at any moment, and what would happen then?

Happily, he did not; or, if he did, saw nothing remarkable in a fiddler's exercise of his right to stare in any direction he liked when his eyes were off duty. But Phoebe's complete enjoyment of her first play was gone. It was a relief when Stanislas was obliged to take his part in the lively music to which the curtain next rose. But it was only a relief from the fear that something might instantly happen, as in books and plays; the strain of the situation still remained. She left the stage, stepped into the orchestra, and put herself in the place of Stanislas Adrianski. She became, now, the poor proud noble, compelled by poetical injustice to make use of his genius for daily bread while his sword was waiting for better times. She had not known, of course, that music was one of her lover's gifts, but it was quite part of the nature of things that it should be so, seeing that romance never fails to be the gainer when it obliges hero or heroine to fight ill-fortune with brush, bow, or pen. She saw his mind filled with justly indignant thoughts of her, while, by a picturesque contrast, his fingers had to bend themselves to trivial tunes that meant nothing, instead of extemporising Titanic symphonies of Love, Wrath, and Despair. She knew quite enough of music

to know what the magic of romance enables its musicians, and its musicians alone, to do. Have we not known them, by sheer force of natural genius, take up a hitherto unpractised instrument, and, without a moment's thought, put the most finished performers nowhere by making it perfectly express the most delicate lights and the deepest shades of their souls' tragedies? She could hear, without the help of her everyday ears, that one particular fiddle singling itself out from the rest and playing unwritten passages for her alone. Would it be quite impossible to ask her father for his pencil, scrawl a few words upon the back of her play-bill, fold the bill up, address it to Count Stanislas Adrianski, and let it flutter down accidentally into the orchestra? Quite impossible—although, being quite according to the rule of romance, it did not strike her as cunning or mean. Spanish ladies, she had always understood on the best authorities, can say more with a flutter of the fan than other women can with their tongues. But none of her authorities had supported their assertion by showing how it is done; and besides, her injured lover's eyes were not in the long black hair which—otherwise happily—was all of him that he could turn towards her while he was playing. That was especially fortunate, because the musicians have to remain at their desks throughout the last act of Olga.

Her father, without any of the awkwardness that his old friends would have expected from the archdeacon when trying to do the duties of a cavalier in waiting, helped her on with her cloak, and was not too moved by the ancient association of his heavy hands with another scarlet cloak upon another pair of shoulders to notice a bright glow upon his daughter's face that made him pleased to think she could so easily be made childishly happy. Phoebe—how do all girls, as if they were dumb creatures and free from the blindness of reason, understand all such things without experience or teaching?—was conscious of a certain solemn tenderness in the way in which her father covered her shoulders before leaving the box; and it touched her with a new sense of being protected and cared for. What was her precise relation to Stanislas? She wished she knew. How would it be if, that very night, she could conquer her growing awe for the father of whom even yet she knew that she understood absolutely nothing by telling him her whole story? But there should be

little need to set out the army of instincts, doubts, shames, and shynesses which kept a girl who had never made a confidence since she was born recoil from bringing herself to tell the eventless story of a first romance to one who would obviously prove so unsympathetic as he. She would not have known even how to tell it to a sister, if only for want of knowing how to begin; and the language did not exist, except in her books, wherein so shadowy a story could be told. And then, thus far, she would have to tell it to her own shame; and—but one can more easily imagine a moth's taking an elderly elephant into her confidence about the vague attractions of a candle. Phœbe could not quite forget how Phil had taken the affair of Stanislas; and her father was a great deal more awful in his deference and tenderness than Phil had been with all his rough and jealous ill-humour.

The corridor was rather crowded, so that it took them several minutes to pass from their box to the head of the stairs. She saw Lawrence speak to her father, and heard herself, for the first time, introduced to a stranger by her full new style of Miss Phœbe Doyle. It was true that Miss Phœbe Doyle was being introduced to Mr. Lawrence. But it would be strange if she did not feel confused as to which of her many selves happened just then to be the real one, for, at the same instant, Phœbe Burden recognised the presence of Stanislas Adrianski not a dozen yards away. It is impossible to conceive any situation more completely like the confusion of a dream in which we are at the same time ourselves and not ourselves, and carry on with ease two distinct and inconsistent lives, unprepared, in one of our persons, for whatever may happen to us in the other. It seemed as if Phœbe Burden had nothing to do with Phœbe Doyle, and that if Phœbe Doyle confessed, as her own, the guilty experiences of Phœbe Burden, her confession would not be true. Of course, when thus doubled, we know perfectly well that only one of us can be the actress, and only one the real woman. But which is the actress and which the real woman? Phœbe Burden or Phœbe Doyle? Phœbe, apart from the puzzle of surnames, was no conjuror, and therefore did not know. Phœbe Doyle passed through her first introduction to a stranger with becoming dignity. It was Phœbe Burden whose eyes did not dare to meet those of her lover—Phœbe Burden's lover,

and not Phœbe Doyle's at all. Why should Phœbe Doyle tell tales of Phœbe Burden? That would be really mean.

I do not know with how much or with how little ease a fiddler, when his duty is over, may transport himself into the corridors from his unknown regions underneath the stage. But were it ten times as hard as it can possibly be, and though the road be barred as high as the chin with fines and orders, I have a certain faith in the creed that love will find out the way from anywhere to anywhere—at any rate, if helped by hunger. Poor and unheroic indeed were the soul of that struggling genius who, having gained a girl whom he thought might turn out to be worth a little, should let her go without a stroke so soon as he could see her to be probably worth a great deal more. What might be the relation of his Phœbe of the back-yard to the big man with the big beard who had taken her to the play in the style of a fine lady? There was nothing in the appearance of things to alarm his moral sense. Perhaps love's instinct could trust her purity; perhaps his moral sense was large and unfettered; perhaps (for heroes are privileged in such things) he had no particular moral sense at all. But, not being blind, he could read in her disorder of face and bearing when she met his first gaze of surprise a hundred proofs that, if he chose to lose his influence over her, he would be a fool. He did, after all, read, if he failed to comprehend, the language of her fan. It signalled him to her side; and, without losing a moment, he was there. "Miss Phœbe Doyle." It was a name which, spoken loudly and clearly, was quite easy for the most foreign of ears to catch and remember. So she was clearly a rich man's daughter, and her name was Phœbe Doyle.

Would he speak to her? thought Phœbe. Would he make a scene? Could she prevent such a chance by any sort of warning or imploring sign? If he had known her through and through, he could not have acted more wisely. He had to thank Nature for having given him a pair of eyes that always, and not only when they had reason, seemed at once to appeal like a woman's, and to command like a man's. But it was a touch of real inspiration that brought him to the door of the cab, into which Phœbe was just about to be helped by her father. It was not by accident—unless by one of the accidents which never happen except to those who know

how to grasp them, and how to win by them. He forestalled a professional copper-hunter and opened the door, throwing upon Phoebe a look that concentrated all tragedy, without the help of a word. How could she have suspected so complete a gentleman of being capable of making a scene? His delicacy smote her with new shame. He did not so much as raise his hat, or bow; he only took care that her dress should not be soiled.

"Sixteen, Harland Terrace," was reward enough for his trouble.

"Come, out of the way, my man," said Doyle, who only saw a pale plastered face and a very bad hat, and was completely insensible to the signs that show nobility down at heel to be nobility still. "Oh, you want something, I suppose, for doing nothing. There, then."

He dropped a copper or two into what he took for the hand of a runner for cabs; not many, for he never threw away small things. To his surprise, they were scornfully tossed under the cab-wheels.

Stanislas, being poor, threw away small things freely, and not merely when they happened to be sprats to catch mackerel.

"Why, what the deuce are you?" asked Doyle, remembering the ways of Bohemia.

"I am only a fiddler," said Stanislas, with a magnificent manner and a magnificent bow, that went to the depth of Phoebe's soul; not that the depth may be thought very far. "Doyle, Sixteen, Harland Terrace," thought he, and then, the departing cab having left them uncovered, picked up the pence, and put them into his pocket, after all.

THE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN.

GOING down Leadenhall Street only a few days ago, I paused, as is my wont, at the door of The Wooden Midshipman, and thought of the changes he has seen since the days of *Dombey and Son*.

I found the Midshipman looking precisely the same as he has looked ever since I have known him, and as he looked, I imagine, many years before I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance: "With his quadrant at his round black knob of an eye, and its figure in the old attitude of indomitable alacrity, the midshipman displayed his elfin small clothes to the best advantage, and, absorbed in scientific pursuits, had no sympathy with worldly concerns. He was so far the

creature of circumstances that a dry day covered him with dust, and a misty day peppered him with little bits of soot, and a wet day brightened up his tarnished uniform for a moment, and a very hot day blistered him; but otherwise he was a callous, obdurate, conceited midshipman, intent on his own discoveries, and caring as little for what went on about him, terrestrially, as Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse." Changes have taken place, and are taking place, under his very nose. Gigantic alterations, disregard of old customs and upheavals of old neighbourhoods, waivers of ancient rights and discontinuance of time-honoured privileges, have come to pass in his immediate vicinity, and yet the Little Man is unmoved. He still stands high and dry at his post of observation, and lets the stream of progress and what the world calls enlightenment and improvement sweep beneath his feet unheeded.

With the London of Charles Dickens I have been familiar from my youth. When I first began "to take notice" and "to run alone," the greater part of it existed intact, and one of my greatest pleasures was to wander about the localities he had described with such photographic exactness and such rich pictorial effect, and live his stories over again with their real scenery.

But after all, there was no portion of the whole of London so prolific in Dickensian reminiscences as the City. They came at every turn, in the ancient churches, hemmed in on all sides by gigantic warehouses, in their melancholy deserted graveyards, with their ragged grass, their blackened trees, and neglected gravestones. In the odd boarding-houses and unaccountable inns that had buried themselves up strange courts, and lurked, half hidden, in unaccountable alleys, and presented themselves in quiet behind-the-age squares. In the spacious halls of opulent companies, which showed but an old-fashioned porch in a narrow quiet lane, but which presented to those who were permitted to enter their portals a superb range of apartments teeming, mayhap, with old furniture and valuable pictures, and doubtless giving on a quiet garden, worth no one knows what a square foot for building purposes, but preserved from the ravages of Buggins, the builder, merely to gladden the eyes of the plump City sparrows, and of the master, the wardens, and the clerk of these most worshipful corporations.

You might find countless reminders of the works of the Great Novelist in the curious old banking-houses, in the mouldy old counting-houses where so much money was made; in the difficult to find but cosy chop-houses where you could get a chop or a steak—and such a chop or a steak—hissing hot from the gridiron; in the methodical old clerks, the astonishing octogenarian housekeepers, the corpulent beadles in their splendid gaberdines, and the “characters” who kept stalls at the street corners and sold anything you please from fruit in season to dolls’ coal-scuttles; in the ticket porters, the bankers’-clerks chained to their pocket-books, the porters, the dockmen, the carters, the carriers, the brokers, the brokers’ men, and the brokers’ boys, who touched their hats, who hurried along, who laboured, who smacked their whips, who loaded and unloaded, who sampled, who noted, and who scampered, who grew prematurely grey, who became quickly furrowed, and who grew old long before their time in the everlasting struggle for so much per cent. from year’s-end to year’s-end.

Down by the waterside, along Thames Street, through the narrow lanes and passages leading thereto, you continually saw some spot, some character or incident that recalled something in one of the stories you knew so well. In the picturesque old wharves, with their gigantic cranes, their odd-shaped cabin-like counting-houses, their unaccountable sheds, their vast beams and supports, their gigantic scales and weighing machines, their glimpses of the river, with its red-funnelled steamers, its picturesque billy-boys, its forests of masts, and elaborate tracery of rigging. As you listened to the whirr of the crane, the “Yeo-yeo” of the sailors, the clink-clank of the windlass over and over again, some well-remembered passage would be sure to recur to you.

There were also many ancient shops, which had existed in exactly the same places, with apparently the same goods in the window and the same shopman behind the counter ever since you could recollect, and for aught you knew ever since your grandfather could recollect. I can call to mind not a few of these. There was a glove-shop—the proprietor looked as if he might have been an under-secretary in Mr. William Pitt’s cabinet; there was a chemist’s-shop up a court; there was a tea-shop; there was a button-shop; there was a law-stationer’s; there was a print-

shop; there was a fishing-tackle shop and a silversmith’s. All these were of the oldest of old fashions; their proprietors were the most old-fashioned of old-fashioned people and they all did business in an old-fashioned way. All these shops had a sort of quaint Dickens flavour about them, but most of them have been now swept away in order to make room for the palatial buildings which are now crowding the City and gradually altering its entire character.

Time after time in visiting the City have I grieved to find one after another of these shops removed and other quaint corners and ancient landmarks swept away altogether. One, however, always remained, and that had perhaps the most distinct connexion and association with the novelist of any spot in the City—my old friend the Wooden Midshipman in Leadenhall Street. Everyone knows the Wooden Midshipman, and everyone knows the important figure it makes in *Dombey and Son*. To myself this shop is especially interesting. When I was a boy, the very first book of Dickens’s that I read was *Dombey and Son*. Passing down Leadenhall Street shortly afterwards, I noted the Wooden Midshipman, and at once “spotted” it as the original of Sol Gills’s residence. The description is so vivid and exact that it is unmistakable. It was many years after that I knew, for an actual fact, that this was really the shop that was so graphically sketched in the novel.

Passing down the street only the other day, I paused once more at the door of The Wooden Midshipman. I looked in at the window. Everything looked pretty much as usual. But stay! I see a white placard in a prominent position, which startles me as if I had seen a ghost. The placard is to the effect that the business is being removed to One Hundred and Fifty-six, Minorities, on account of the premises being pulled down for improvement. “He was a callous, obdurate, conceited midshipman, intent on his own discoveries, and caring as little for what went on about him, terrestrially, as Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse.” He is “a callous, obdurate, conceited midshipman,” for despite this unlooked-for catastrophe, this terrible calamity, he stands at the door looking as blithe and gay and contented as he has looked, anytime, I suppose, during the past century. Men may come and men may go, but he observes for ever.

He has outlived most of his compeers,

and he has seen many changes in Leadenhall Street. Long before the palatial mansion of John Company, over the way, was disestablished and pulled down, he was a veteran in the service. I have no doubt that he often gazed upon Charles Lamb, who generally came to his office in the India House very late in the morning, but, as he pointed out in reply to the expostulations of an indignant chief, made up for it by leaving very early. I have no doubt that the gentle Elia often exchanged winks with the Midshipman when the former was "leaving early," in order to enjoy a ramble at Islington or a merry dinner at some rare old City tavern with congenial companions. I wonder whether William Hogarth ever noted the little man, and made a sketch of him. He must have passed by the shop-door many times.

This quaint old-fashioned shop is almost the last of a number of quaint old-fashioned buildings which, but a few years ago abounded in Leadenhall Street, especially on this side of the way. It has but little changed in appearance since it was first established in 1773, only six years after the publication of the first nautical almanac. It was established by Mr. William Heather as a "sea chart, map, and mathematical instrument warehouse," "where may be had," we are informed, "Hadley's Quadrants and Sextants of all Sizes, neatly mounted with two Parallel Glasses, accurately divided by the Patent Machines, and warranted good; Gunter's Scales, Sliding Scales, Sectors, Cases of Instruments, and Compasses of all Sorts; Sea Telescopes from One to Three Feet long, with Four or Six Glasses, etc." Mr. Heather was succeeded by Mr. J. W. Norie in 1814, who was joined by Mr. George Wilson in 1834. Hence the firm of Norie and Wilson, under which style the business is still carried on by Mr. Charles Wilson and his sons.

The Wooden Midshipman has probably seen more of the various phases of business during the past century than most people. When he first commenced taking his observations there were plenty of people remaining who remembered acutely the losses they had sustained during the South Sea Bubble. Change Alley and Garraway's Coffee House were very nearly as picturesque an aspect as they present in the late Edward Matthew Ward's famous picture. In those days the City merchant was a man of considerable importance and not a little sense. He

"lived over the shop," he and his wife and family resided at the place of business; they patronised the City shops and the City markets, and on Sunday they might be found filling a gigantic black oaken pew in one of the fine old City churches.

Clubs were then unknown in the City; but there were grand old taverns and cosy coffee-houses, where the City merchant could smoke his "pipe of Virginia," discuss the news of the day, and crack a bottle of wine of a vintage impossible to obtain in the present day. In those days there was one post a day and that not a remarkably heavy one; news travelled slowly and with uncertainty; prices remained steady from one week's end to another; and ruin or prosperity depended more on honest labour and application than on secret information, the flash of the electric current, or the juggling of the Stock Exchange. In those days commerce was not chicanery, neither was business a spasm.

When news came in those days it was generally pretty correct, and people had time to talk it over and master every detail of the information before the next budget arrived. Nowadays you may receive terrible intelligence at breakfast-time and have it contradicted long before luncheon. There has been plenty of news discussed in this ancient shop in bygone times, you may be well assured; there have been many fierce arguments across that age-polished counter, and much speculation over charts and newspapers in the little cabin-like back parlour. The place must have been a "going concern" when the news came of the Battle of Lexington, and I can imagine how the ancient captains and the young apprentices talked there by the hour together concerning the murder of Captain Cook. Indeed, I have a sort of notion that Captain Cook called at "Heather's" for some nautical instruments and charts just before starting on the disastrous expedition. During the Gordon Riots, I will be bound, Mr. William Heather trembled for his shop windows. He probably, being a prudent man, kept them closely shuttered, closed his Nautical Academy, and gave his students a holiday, and doubtless the Wooden Midshipman, being a prudent midshipman, retired from his position at the door and sought shelter under the counter till the storm was over.

Within these walls there must have been considerable wrangling, too, when the independence of the United States of America was first acknowledged. How the Irish Rebellion of '98 must have been talked over and the Treaty of Amiens discussed! Cannot you imagine the sensation caused in this old-fashioned shop when "Boney" might be expected to land every day; and cannot you fancy the joy and the sorrow that pervaded this Naval Academy when news came of the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson! The place is a good deal associated with Nelson. I daresay he had been there many times himself. In the little back parlour is an excellent portrait of the hero of Trafalgar, said to have been painted for Lady Hamilton. There is also a curious cup, with the initials "H. N." upon it. Besides this, there is a very comfortable arm-chair, bearing this inscription on a brass plate: "This was Lord Nelson's favourite chair when he was Captain of the Boreas frigate. Presented by his Master, James Jamieson, to Wm. Heather, being part of the property purchased by J. W. Norrie and Wilson in Leadenhall Street, London."

When the news came of the Battle of Waterloo the Midshipman must have been quite a veteran, and the establishment over which he presided as well known and as widely respected as any in the City of London. Still, I will be bound, notwithstanding the progress of the times, the gossips assembled, and though they presumably came in to buy one of Hadley's quadrants, a case of instruments, or a sea-telescope, they remained to talk. I should fancy pupils in the Naval Academy neglected plane sailing, traverse sailing, middle latitude sailing, during such times. The embryo admirals who were trying to reduce the time at ship to the time at Greenwich, to correct the observed altitude of the moon, to find the true amplitude, or the true azimuth, who were endeavouring to observe the angular distance between the sun and moon, and who were puzzling their brains over parallax, refraction, or semi-diameter, who were nearly driving themselves silly over natural sines, proportional logarithms, depression or dip of the horizon, the moon's augmentation, amplitude, and meridional parts, would quickly shunt all such uninteresting studies in favour of discussions concerning Quatre Bras, and Hougomont, and the

conning of the latest despatches from Lord Wellington.

One can easily picture the wordy warfare in this curious old mansion during the trial of Queen Caroline, the surprise manifested when omnibuses first ran, and how people shook their heads over the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and said the unfortunate death of Mr. Huskisson was a judgment. The Wooden Midshipman, notwithstanding all these changes, still stuck to his post, and still made his observations on the stirring events of the age. Among other things he observed were the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Abolition of Slavery, the introduction of lucifer matches, and the burning of the Houses of Parliament. He heard the cheers and joy-bells for the accession of Queen Victoria; he saw the glare of the conflagration at the Royal Exchange, and heard the ancient clock fall into the flames, playing, "There is no luck about the house." He noted the introduction of the penny postage, the imposition of the Income Tax, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. He has been at his post from the time people clamoured for free trade till the period when some of them have doubted whether it wasn't a mistake. He has been there through at least four notable French revolutions. He was a witness of the mourning crowd that thronged the City on the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. He saw the people rushing down Cornhill when peace was proclaimed after the Russian War in 1855; and he heard the great bell of St. Paul's boom forth to all men at midnight the sad intelligence of the death of the Prince Consort. He has existed from the old days of lanterns and oil lamps to the days of gas and electricity, from the time of the ancient and decrepit "Charlies" to the time of the police force. He has seen the navy become well-nigh perfect as a sailing fleet, and seamanship and navigation brought to the highest point of excellence. He has remained to see the sailing ships knocked out of time by steamers, and the line-of-battle ship almost superseded by the steam ram. He has seen the whole system of commerce utterly changed by the introduction of the penny-post, railways, steam-ships, and the electric telegraph.

A more popular little officer in his own domain than our friend it would be difficult to find. He is reverentially regarded and carefully looked after by all. Fifty years ago the street-boys did not treat him with

respect; they jeered at him and gave him sly taps as they passed by. Old Sam, an eccentric shopman—there have been a good many extraordinary characters connected with this place, notably an old-fashioned manager, who it is said bore an extraordinary resemblance to Sol Gills—was always lying in wait for these rascals (as Betsy Trotwood did for the donkey-boys), and many a time has he chased them down Cornhill with a good stout cane, and soundly be-larrupped them over against Saint Michael's Alley. At one time the Little Man used to get his knuckles severely abraded by passing porters carrying loads, and was continually being sent into dock to have a fresh set of knuckles provided. But still, except for these accidents and his going to get a new coat, he was always at his post all day long. If he were absent the enquiries would be frequent. Old pupils, who had become distinguished naval officers—and the academy has turned out not a few in its time—would pop in to enquire what had become of the genius of the place, and many have been the offers to buy him outright and remove him. Several Americans have been in lately and have offered his proprietors very large sums if they might be allowed to purchase him and take him to New York. It is furthermore on record that King William the Fourth on passing through Leadenhall Street to the Trinity House raised his hat to him as he passed by.

All these details are of very great interest, but they pale before the romantic charm that has been thrown over the quaint little figure and its surroundings in *Dombey and Son*. It is with a sad heart that I accept the courteous invitation of Mr. Wilson to take a last look at the premises, and listen to much curious gossip about the old shop and its frequenters by Mr. J. W. Appleton, who for many years has been the principal hydrographer to the establishment. The interior of the shop, with its curious desks and its broad counter—under which it may be remembered Rob the Grinder used to make his bed—is fully as old-fashioned as its exterior. Here, it may be remembered, Mr. Brogley, the broker, waited during the consultation between Sol Gills, Walter, and Captain Cuttle. Here, it may be remembered, the aforesaid broker filled up the time by whistling softly among the stock, "rattling weather-glasses, shaking compasses as if they were physic, catching up keys with loadstones, looking through telescopes, en-

deavouring to make himself acquainted with the use of the globes, setting parallel rulers astride on to his nose, and amusing himself with other philosophical transactions." Here the Chicken waited and amused himself by chewing straw, and gave Rob the Grinder the unspeakable satisfaction of staring for half an hour at the conqueror of the Nobby Shropshire One. Here it was also, when Captain Cuttle had the management of the business, a customer came and enquired for some especial nautical instrument. "Brother," says the Captain, "will you take an observation round the shop?" "Well," says the man, "I've done it." "Do you see wot you want?" says the Captain. "No, I don't," says the man. "Do you know it wen you do see it?" says the Captain. "No, I don't," says the man. "Why, then, I tell you wot, my lad," says the Captain, "you'd better go back and ask wot it's like outside, for no more don't I!" The entire shop, with its odd corners, its quaint cupboards, its glass cases, and its chart drawers, seem as familiar to me as if I had served a long apprenticeship to Sol Gills.

I pass from the shop up a panelled staircase with a massive hand-rail and spiral balusters to the upper rooms. I look in at Walter's chamber, with its comprehensive view of the parapets and chimney-pots, and see the place in the roof where Rob the Grinder kept his pigeons. I spend some time in a cheerful panelled apartment, which at one time was the bed-chamber of Sol Gills, but which was occupied by Florence when she fled from her father and took refuge with Captain Cuttle. Do not you recollect what trouble the good-hearted old captain had to make this room fit to receive its guest? Cannot you call to mind how he "converted the little dressing-table into a species of altar, on which he set forth two silver teaspoons, a flower-pot, a telescope, his celebrated watch, a pocket-comb, and a song-book, as a small collection of rarities that made a choice appearance?" Do not you remember with what loving care and tenderness he greeted and watched over her? How often he tramped up and down that ancient staircase to make enquiries, and how, on the night of Walter's return, he shouted gleefully through the keyhole, "Drowned, a'n't he, pretty?" as some relief to his feelings. Two more faithful friends than Florence had in her loneliness than Captain Cuttle and her dog Diogenes, it would be difficult

for any woman to have. "Captain Cuttle," we read, "with a perfect awe of her youth and beauty, and her sorrow, raised her head, and adjusted the coat that covered her, where it had fallen off, and darkened the window a little more that she might sleep on, and crept out again and took his post of watch upon the stairs. All this with a touch as light as Florence's own."

Half expecting to meet the good old captain on the way, I creep slowly down the quaint old staircase. I gain the shop once more, and pass down a dark narrow flight of steps. Do you know what I come down here for? I come down to see the cellar where the two last bottles of old Madeira were kept. One of them was drunk when Walter first went to the house of "Dombey and Son"—to Dombey, Son, and Daughter; and the other, a bottle that has been long excluded from the light of day, and is hoary with dust and cobwebs, has been brought into the sunshine, and the golden wine within sheds a lustre on the table, many years after, to Walter and his wife. "Other buried wine grows older as the old Madeira did in its time, and dust and cobwebs thicken on the bottles." I find I am mumbling this to myself, as I once more emerge in the daylight, and sit down to rest in the cabin-like back parlour in Lord Nelson's favourite armchair.

It is well-nigh impossible for me to catalogue the scenes, the pictures, and the characters that flit across my brain as I gaze through the skylight overhead, or cast my eyes round the walls of this quaint little room. Here was Florence brought as a little child when she was found by Walter, and here she came with Susan Nipper to take leave of him before he went on his voyage. It was in this identical room that the famous conference concerning the loss of the Son and Heir was held, at which Sol Gills, Captain Cuttle, Susan Nipper, Florence, and Jack Bunsby were present. It was on that occasion that the great commander of the Cautious Clara delivered his famous oracular opinion, "Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Avast then!" This strikes one as being very much more original than Nelson's "England expects every man will do his duty," or Wellington's "Up, Guards, and at 'em." Here it was too that Captain Cuttle, after the disappearance of Sol Gills, took possession; here that worthy had a service every Sunday night for the benefit of that snivelling young hypocrite Rob. Here did the captain

interview Mr. Toots on sundry and various occasions; here in presence of the immortal Bunsby did he read the last will and testament of Solomon Gills, and the letter to Ned Cuttle; and here was he discovered, after many weeks' hiding, by Mrs. Mac Stinger and her demonstrative children, Alexander, Juliana, and Chowley.

To this odd-shaped, snug, queer little panelled parlour came poor Florence and her faithful Diogenes, when she fled from her brutal father in the grim cold house. Here did the captain cook that marvellous little dinner, which makes you quite hungry to read about. "Basting the fowl from time to time as it turned on a string before the fire," "making hot gravy in a second little saucepan, boiling a handful of potatoes in a third, never forgetting the egg-sauce in the first, and making an impartial round of boiling and stirring with the most useful of spoons every minute. Besides these cares, the captain had to keep an eye on a diminutive frying-pan, in which some sausages were hissing and bubbling in a most musical manner; and there never was such a radiant cook as the captain looked in the height and heat of these functions; it being impossible to say whether his face or his glazed hat shone the brighter." Hither, too, did Walter Gay return so unexpectedly. Hither did a certain weather-beaten pea-coat, and a no less weather-beaten cap and comforter come bundling in one night, and to the great delight of everybody turned out to be the old instrument-maker, after all. And it was from this room that Florence and Walter departed to be married in the ancient City church not far distant. It was here that—

But stay! It is impossible to chronicle one quarter of the fun, the pathos, the humour, the charity that haunt the four irregular walls of this ship-shape little chamber. I arise and pass out into the din of Leadenhall Street. I find the Wooden Midshipman still standing at the door, "callous, obdurate, and conceited" as ever, observing the omnibuses and the hansom cabs as earnestly as he did the hackney coaches aforetime, and apparently quite oblivious that his century of observations in Leadenhall Street is drawing to a close.

Since the above was written the Midshipman has been removed from his post. The shutters have been closed. The place has been placarded with bills and scored with numbers in rough whitewash. The

excellent building materials will shortly be sold and distributed to the four winds. As I write, the pick of the demolisher is being made ready to bring the house down. Daylight will be let into unaccustomed corners; a choky atmosphere of powdered mortar will pervade the whole place; stalwart navvies will ruthlessly tear down the panneling in Florence's room, and heavy boots tramp and clatter in the sacred precincts of the little back parlour. In a few days the skylight will be removed, the walls will be demolished, and the place will be one mass of rubbish and broken bricks. In a few weeks' time The Wooden Midshipman in Leadenhall Street will only exist in the pages of Dombey and Son.

MINE.

Not much of earth belongs to me.
A few short feet of mossy ground,
Soon measured o'er, in sheltered nook,
A little lowly grass-clothed mound.
Not much—for all I have lies here—
A maiden young, and fresh, and fair;
A very flower in early spring,
She seemed to scent the vacant air.

But Death, with never-idle scythe,
Cut short my darling's little life;
And buried with her are the dreams
Of when we should be man and wife.
Not much of earth belongs to me,
Yet is that little dearer far
Than any gem on monarch's brow,
Than light is to the evening star.

Not much of earth belongs to me,
But in yon heaven of sapphire blue,
One treasure stored is all my own,
A maiden lovely, sweet, and true.
Death may not hold the fragile flowers;
They die, but every springtide brings
A new and bright awakening
Of all earth's pleasant sleeping things.

So doth my flower bloom again
In yonder blissful deathless home;
An angel wears her at his breast
Until her long-lost lover come.
And as I sit beside her grave,
Shining in tender spring sunshine,
It seems to me as though all earth
And all the heaven were wholly mine.

AMONG THE MINES AND MINERS.

"Ee go by the Main Virgin, and ee must be right. There's no missin'."

"The Main Virgin?"

"A-ah. We calls her virgin acause she's hidle; they ain't a workin' of her."

That explained it clearly. A main was a mine. The square grey towers that had been so puzzling, on this hand, and on that, as the miles had been trodden on, and the more puzzling because they proved to be

only towers, with no side structures to give use or help their meaning, were not notable village churches. They had been thought to be this, for a fleeting moment; as each had arisen into sight, with trees hiding the desolation it stood amongst, and with a patch only of its high and rugged masonry left fairly visible; and though this thought was quickly gone, as close inspection showed the ruin around, the mournful isolation, and the desertion of despair, it was only now that their true history was revealed. They were emptied mine-shafts. They were the insignia of abandoned mines; let to lie there, not worth the battering to pieces and the cartage, now the engines they had held had been scooped out for re-erection elsewhere, and every other portion of their past life had been slit away or otherwise obliterated. They were mines where the ore was out, or where so little ore had ever been in, that the cost of getting at it proved more than it would fetch when made presentable for the market. And as for their significant or insignificant purpose now, they were merely landmarks; with a fine chance of being landmarks till stress of weather, bringing over-much of crumbling and disintegration, should be followed by complete and entire abasement.

And with this understanding of things, there comes placid satisfaction. It was good to have espied this veteran hedger and ditcher; and to have accosted him in his solitary and tremulous day labour, in this lane ebonised with ripe blackberries, and fringed with hart's-tongue ferns. What he has explained pieces in famously with what is pressing on the senses all around. For this far end, or call it the tail, of Cornwall, is a mining district so unmistakably, that as the miles are still being trodden on, mines and mining can never be for a moment driven from the mind.

There are the whole of the water-places of the country—pond, and ditch, and meadow, drainage-spout, and side brooklet, and sogging river. They are stained a thick orange colour by the washings that have yielded tin and copper. The whole sweep of the country, is ugly with mining machinery; with poor sheds built up close to the machinery; with cold, moist, clayey cuttings; with deep slush and litter. The bright sky-view, or air-expanse, of the country is marred by the recurrent thin tall engine-houses—not ruined, but shooting up, pillar-like and

stiff, utterly straight and utilitarian. It is marred by the ropes and pulleys and plank projections hung out of these; by the clay-soaked wooden troughs or gutters that slope from them down to the river-levels, carrying the pumped-up water, and letting it splash and drip over their messed sides sloppily.

Coming, too, to villages, or to other collections of abodes, that the district is a mining district is evident as unmistakably still. There is not a group of dwellings, large or less, that does not contain miners' cottages, abandoned just as the forlorn mine-shafts have been abandoned, and productive of the same sense of exhaustion and disappointment, of neglect and failure. Here are house-walls with great gaps in them; here are the stones that formed these walls fallen in and fallen out, in unsightly heaps; here are roofs, rattled by the weather into mere timber skeletons; here are these old homesteads, open to thief or vagrant, or child at play (open to enquiring tourist, manifestly; to determined pedestrian), from room to room, right to the rusting hearth; here are panelless doors and shattered windows, and little garden-grounds, and pig-sties, and out-places, rotting and deserted, and over-run with weeds.

Oddly, too, there is the conviction that this decay does not mean, from all aspects, poverty. It arises from one sort of riches. Cornish miners are desirable workmen all over the world; are at a premium in every part. Their especial skill, their experience and endurance, will bring them fabulous wages, let it be in California, South America, Australia—anywhere where new mining-grounds are found. They get the offer of this high pay; it is affluence, it is prosperous emigration; and they move off, their wives, their families, their little possessions; and Cornwall, in the form of miners, sees them no more. This decay is the result. There are no new comers wanting to hire the vacated cottages, such new comers being as scarce as speculators wanting to hire vacated mines. There is no profit, either, or very little profit, in pulling down old buildings when it is desired to build new (stone being so plentiful all over the country), and an empty quarter turns into an empty year; empty years thread themselves together into a long string, and mortar yields, and iron rusts, and slates are loosened by sea-storms, and with some little lapse here, and some little lapse there, there is at last general surrender.

There are many other signs that the district is a mining district, unmistakably. Observe the miners, and their inevitable companions, the mineresses. They are serious and slow-moving; they are stooping and toiling; they intensify the feeling of chill, of melancholy. Some of their labour, as far as it can be seen above-ground, comprises crushing the ore into small pieces (called "stamping"); comprises grinding these small pieces into powder; comprises washing this powder, to sift and separate the metal from the soil. It is an operation that must be dirty, that must be laborious, that must be carried on with the help (more or less) of a constant pour of water, making the ground, for acres, pasty, and sticky, and muddy—a misery. Yet this is where women pass their working days. The ground being as is described, no wheeled barrows or other wheeled conveyances can run upon it in such a manner as to make running profitably available; and so, as the metal-powder must be carried to carts, that it may be carted away to the smelting furnaces, women become the carriers.

Those barrows are brought into service that are without wheels, and that are lifted on four long handles, or bearers; and one woman catches hold of the two handles in the front of the barrow, a second woman catches hold of the two handles at the back, and in this expensive mode of two women to a vehicle instead of one woman and a wheel, off they carry their load, after the fashion of a small palanquin or sedan. That they are solemn and sedate is inevitable; that they contrive to keep themselves so beautifully neat (except, of course, as to foot-gear) with their long-curtained cotton bonnets dazzlingly white in the dazzling sun, is a marvel.

As for the miners pure—those of them that are plying their implements down below—could they be seen when there, they are still less likely to be bright and nimble. Here they are, poor fellows, for inspection, before they entrust themselves to this daily descent of theirs into the earth's bowels. They are passing into this shed to make themselves ready for their monotonous and perilous toil. They enter to take off their home-clothes and put on miners' suits; and they emerge, clay-coloured from hat to shoe, their "billy-cocks" heavy with a lump of actual clay itself, stuck centre-wise over the front brim to make a primitive candlestick. Into the middle of each lump a thumb has

driven a hole ; in each hole has been thrust a short candle ; and this will be lighted presently to take light, fathoms down, and fathoms down again, as the bearer lowers himself, or is lowered, and as he passes the dreary hours of his working-time or "core." Could there be anything but depression and gloom in presenting oneself to labour far down in the darkness, in the chillness, among drip and ooze ? In trudging along a road ending away from the invigorating air, away from the shining sun, away from the low green grass, and this sweet scent that is caught, ever and again, of flowers ? Habit, it may be true, makes people think very lightly of the gravest dangers if they are always meeting (and escaping) them ; but it is also true that the habit of passing a working lifetime in discomfort, in faint light, in cold, in awe, causes coldness and awe and faint light and discomfort to be reflected in the spirits, causes joyousness to be banished, causes severity, solemnity, hopelessness to leave its impression, and to be the impression the most unfailingly observed.

Let notice be taken also of other features of this narrow neck of Cornish land where mining is carried on, and where miners live.

"It's not pretty, you see," says a Cornishman in a little opportune talk, "because of the egggers and egggers of sand here."

True, it is not pretty. The acres are not all sand, however ; nor nearly all. Here are acres, and many acres, that are furze, and heath, and moss, and stones ; all mingled in, unbeautifully ; making flat moor and sloping hill-side a mere waste. Here, on this hand, it can be confessed, is a long stretch of low dry "towans," as sand-hills get called in Cornwall (which they well may ; "twyn" being the Welsh for a hillock still) ; here, on this other hand, is another long stretch of low dry towans, burrowed, both of them, in and out, and through and through, sponge-like almost, by the active work of innumerable friendly and scampering rabbits ; but in the tapering miles of firm land lying between these two loose and unstable shores, there are acres and acres occupied with a great deal more. Here and there is a mean village. It is in the track and has to be trodden through ; and it is found full of pigs, full of smells, full of gaping listlessness and the last century's unsanitary methods and appliances. Here and there, not on the road, but in the blue distance, is a group

of dwellings, whitewashed right up to the eaves, on every inch of roof-top, and straight over the squat brick chimneys, looking thereby as pale as snow amongst settings of plentiful foliage, and this foreground of straight fern-grown wall.

Now, too, that the sea is beating up on both sides nearer and nearer, so that the firm land has grown to be nothing but a strip, so that another mile or two will bring the veritable Land's End, there is not a sight to be seen of sand at all. It is not here, sparkling and golden with the tide that moistens it, nor silvery with drought and breeze and the pour of the unshaded and refracted sun. The waves have lapped over it for a thousand years ; the waves have blotted it out and hidden it, yielding none of it back at ebb or flow, except for the barest edge of it at a rare interval, sheer down there, when there is courage to creep to a peeping-place that reveals a tiny bay. It is rock, all round. It is the Logan Rock here (Logan, again, being a Cornish term that brings no wonderment, Clogwyn remaining the right Welsh for a sturdy rock-piece ; and Cornishmen—in philological greediness—making use of the word and the meaning of the word simultaneously), it is other rocks there ; it is still other rocks ahead, and toppling high, and strewn at the feet ; it is rock—holding back the thundering and spraying sea. To end it, the ground even has turned to rock, with never a tree to be seen on it, east or west ; with never a fern to be picked, with never a field, or a garden, or a flower ; with only the fierce wind tearing and swearing wildly ; with only the fierce wind beating the feet back from the death-edge, or threatening to give a swift hurl into the horrid death below ; with the rain splashing passionately, with the rock-road, green with thin weak grasses, churned into an ankle-depth of water, and the whole scene, surely, not to be exceeded anywhere for desolation, and utter and drear solemnity.

"The First and the Last." The words meet the eye aptly, written there, a short furlong away. It is a good phrase. There seems deep significance in it, as the wind continues to tear round about it angrily, and the heavy rain pours down on a white-washed roof. Of course, it is merely the sign of a small inn. The unadorned little habitation has been boldly placed in the midst of all these terrors, and its name, to the landlord, has very simple meaning. His little

house of entertainment shall be the first to welcome voyagers to England who shall land at its base from the direction of Scilly Isles; it shall be the last to shelter travellers who shall come upon it in another fashion, through the kindred district devoted to mines and mining. That it affords harbourage, from either side, is the pleasant matter now, however; and harbourage is asked for; for, at this moment, to be beneath a roof, to be within a door, is—put in the faintest way—acceptable.

How is it though? Are things changing, now there is warmth, and calm, and rest? No; facts remain facts, and what has been written, is written, and shall stay. But shelter is giving play to memory, that is all. The battle with the weather having (temporarily) ended, recollections are stealing in of recent scenes where weather brought no struggle; where there had been sunny walkings through Goldzithney, Perranuthno, Gwithian, St. Erth, Lelant, Towednack, Ludgvan; where the little light-house island of Godevry had shone in the sea like a set pearl; where the Saxon crosses set up at the corners of roads, and all lost to use, lost even to recognition, made yet their touching appeal, and had their poetry of reverence and history; where lovely southern flowering-shrubs gave many a surprise, and where an orchestra of hiding grasshoppers broke into a little chorussing, never ceasing their "Fidgie-fidgie-fidgie," one foot-stretch of the way. Recollections come, also, that there has been found (and enjoyed) a silver side to the sorrowful surface observable in this faraway Cornish people. They have been ignorant—witness the road-side schoolmaster, in a dilapidated cottage, with rent floor, with tumbling desks, with a useless grate, with shreds of school-books, with puzzled question drawn from some faint rumour, "What's the black-board system?" with sharp enquiry, all eager, "Do you want any honey?" They have been comic—witness the woman bobbing about after squealing pigs, and wanting dog and stick, and fire and ox, all, before she could get them successfully across the road. Witness, again, the farm-man offering a ride aloft on his house-high pile of hay, as though it would be quite easy work to mount up there. But whenever there has been occasion to go up to men, or women, or children, to knock at cottage doors, to cause work to be put aside, there has always been the utmost civility, there has never been a

cross look, there has been a polite "Please you?" when a question has been too far from the dialect, and there has been a failure to understand. And a recollection is not long in getting itself uppermost of a simple Wesleyan Sunday evening service, come upon at the end of a sunny sea-side walk. An old miner, one Sam Rotherham (he shall be called), was to be the preacher; he trudged ten miles out, to do his preaching, one or two of his flock with him; he pointed, when he was asked, to the little low dark room where the preaching was to be done, without a proud announcement that it was his voice that was going to be heard there; and he entered as modestly as any of the rest.

Under the thatched roof of the tiny greystone hut, amidst the rough wooden benches in it, the creaking pulpit, and the harmonium that could produce little but a wheeze, Sam Rotherham let his untaught soul go, though, and was listened to as if he were an inspired divine.

"'Heaven is my throne, and earth my footstool,' is my text," he said; and then came his expounding. "What a pretty footstool!" he cried. "What a pretty footstool! Think of the blue sky for it, of the green grass, of the ripe grain! Think, too, of the Lion of Judah! The lion! Such a pretty word! Oh, Paul, I thank thee for that pretty word! The lion is a king! the king of beasts! the king of forests! Who would not serve him?" And he proceeded to relate how there was "a great warrior once, Sir Cully Campbell," he called him, who had done his service faithfully, and how all should imitate him. "Sir Cully," he said, "was wanted to go to Inder to put down the rebellion, and our little Queen she sent for un. He walked into the palace, he did, and he sat hisself on the sofa, making up his mind he would not go to Inder, for he didn't want to. But the little Queen she come in and sat herself beside un on the sofa, and she says, 'Sir Cully,' she says, 'won't ye go to Inder fur me?' and he bust inter tears, and said, 'I will!' and he did go; and he put down that rebellion, and he come home again, and he died, and they buried un in a grand sellupker."

Absurd as it was, unapproachable from any side but ridicule, it showed a Cornish miner's treatment, and it certainly would be a help, and not a hindrance, to Cornish civility. Another instance of this last came up at the moment the singular service had ended.

"It's getting dark, and ee've far to go," said a young woman, rising from the form, close, and knowing, somehow, every item about it. "And so's Mr. Rotherham far to go, and it's the same. Why don't ee go and speak to un, and then he'd walk home with ee well? And whether or other, what do they call ee, please, if I may be so boold?"

To think of which, in this snug haven of The First and The Last, has an interest not easily to be overthrown. With the sight of the sea calming down, too, with the last gold of day dying out, and the lovely stars beginning their long night sparkle, it is excellent to remember how, when the winds beat up again and the waves foam, the Cornish folks here are always alert at the cry of distress. Gentle and simple—the gentle leading, and the simple working under their command—there have been nights, again and again, when blankets have been taken down to the shore, and brandy, and coffee, and lanterns; and when poor wretched sailors have been looked for, and fed, and restored, and carried gently into shelter.

So, even among mining and miners, the tints to be used in a sketch must not all be grey. The canvas must be shot with some lights, if only to help the shadows.

KULDJA.

How near to war Russia and China were last year no one knows who has not read the preface to that wonderfully interesting work, Colonel Gordon in Central Africa.

When Gordon threw up his secretaryship to Lord Ripon, finding, as he says, that "in his irresponsible position he could do nothing to the purpose in the face of the vested interests, his views being diametrically opposed to those of the official classes," he, of course, meant to come home the quickest way.

But the Chinese were wild for war. Russia had outwitted their ambassador; her demands were monstrous; the war party included both the dowager queens, and was all-powerful in the palace. So the peace party and the English merchants telegraphed to a London agent, "Send out Gordon," and the agent telegraphed to Bombay just in time to stop the colonel and turn his course eastward. The ex-head of "the ever-victorious army" was soon among his old friends, Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang, Gordon's lieutenant in the Taeping

War, and he was so far able to strengthen their hands, by showing how certain was the success of Russia, and how cruelly, a war would cripple Chinese trade, that peaceful counsels at last prevailed, and a priceless service was rendered to the world by the self-denying hero—for he is a hero—who almost broke his heart amid the swamps of the Upper Nile trying to force Egypt to act honestly about the slave trade.

Had not Gordon been able and willing to go, war would most likely have been declared, and the Russian fleet, which was waiting for the purpose, would have pounced down on the Chinese ports and blockaded the whole coast from Canton to the mouths of the Pei-ho. This would have been a bad thing for the trade of the world, just as the march through Kuldja on to Pekin and Hangkow would have been bad for an empire which had not yet recovered from the assaults of English and French and Taepings.

But why were these two great powers so near to war? Because Russia saw a chance of doing what for centuries she has been aiming at. "Scratch your Russian," says the proverb (it is older than Napoleon, to whom it is attributed), "and you find a Tartar underneath." Naturally, therefore, the Tartar wants to do what other Tartars have done—get a footing in the Flowery Land. And Kuldja just gave them the footing they wanted. It pierces like a wedge into China, and is well watered and therefore luxuriant in vegetation. And the Chinese themselves had put it into Russia's hands, for in 1862, when Yakoub Khan had founded a Mussulman empire at Kashgar, and in Yunan and Dzungaria, and everywhere on the western frontier the Mahometans had risen against the Chinese, the Czar said to his imperial brother: "You can't manage all these worrying little rebels, brother though you are of sun and moon. Let me hold Kuldja for you, lest Yakoub should snap it up; and then, when the troubles are over, you shall have it back again."

Of course the Chinese, hard pushed, were very glad; and Russia, who dreaded above all things a strong Mahometan power which might stop her game in Turkestan, was glad also. But when the time came for giving it back to the Chinese, she demanded not only a huge money payment, but the cession of all the best strategic points in Kuldja. His Excellency Chung-How was sent to

St. Petersburg to arrange terms ; and there, no one knows how, he was persuaded to make the very concessions which the Russians wanted. His countrymen were so indignant, that, the moment he got back, he was tried for treason and condemned to death and confiscation of goods. His property, just equivalent to the sum demanded by Russia, was seized ; and, while he lay in prison, waiting, after the Chinese fashion, an auspicious day for execution, the cry for war with Russia grew stronger and stronger.

Just then, happily, Gordon came on the scene, and said : "Don't fight ; you're no match for them, though you have on paper more than half a million of men. Why, even of your Imperial Pekin Guard of seventeen thousand, two out of the six battalions still have nothing but matchlocks. You have a few gun-boats, but not a single armour-plated ship—a want which forced you to knock under to Japan about the Loochoo Isles. No doubt Tso Tsung Tang is a glorious hero ; he has beaten the rebel Panthays, but he has taken a very long time about it, and he will find the Russians quite another sort of enemy—worse even than the English and French, because more used to country like yours."

And then as, in spite of his advice, war at one time seemed inevitable, he sketched out a plan of the campaign.

"Never meet the Russians in the field ; you can't stand against them ; but if you can hold out long enough, you will beat in the end. Harass your enemy night and day ; cut off his communications ; capture his food convoys. You ought to outnumber him ten to one ; so you can easily keep him on the alert night and day till he is worn out. Fortify your strong places ; but if a breach is made, never wait for the assault—run away. Don't worry, moreover, about big guns or long-range muskets. Muskets that will fire fast and carry a thousand yards are the best for you. And as for torpedoes, go in for many common ones in preference to a few of superior construction. Above all, remember you can never do well in such a war as this will be so long as Pekin is your capital. It is too near the sea. The queen should be in the centre of the hive."

That was Gordon's programme in case the war, on which Russia, now much more than China, was bent, should break out. Fortunately for the Chinese, and for tea-drinkers and wearers of silk all the world

over, the Tekke Turcomans gave more trouble than had been anticipated ; Skobelloff's expedition turned out something very different from a military parade ; and so Russia gave it to be understood that she might grant better terms. Distrusting the cleverness of her ambassadors, fearing her envoy might again be circumvented by Russian craft, China stood out a long while for Pekin as the seat of the negotiations. But Russia insisted on St. Petersburg ; and, at last, Marquis Tseng was sent to do the best he could for his country, with the stipulation that nothing was to be signed until the Court of Pekin had first given its assent.

One thing deserves notice. Russia's first demand was that the ex-ambassador, Chung How, should be pardoned and set at liberty. To this the Chinese agreed ; and an imperial proclamation was issued, setting forth how "Chung-How, having overstepped his powers as ambassador, and acted in defiance of his instructions, and accepted impossible terms, was, after due deliberation, condemned to be beheaded. But now it appears that many outsiders consider this sentence an insult to Russia, with whom for two hundred years China has been at peace. Chung-How was quite wrong ; he had thoughtlessly assented to what China cannot fulfil, and his punishment was what any Chinese ambassador would have suffered in a like case. But our motives in punishing him are likely to be misrepresented at a distance. Therefore, we remit the capital sentence ; but order him to be kept in prison till we hear from Marquis Tseng, who will take care to explain to the Russian Government that our clemency is a clear proof of our desire that the two countries should be friends."

Marquis Tseng's terms, though better than those which Chung-How was cajoled into accepting, were hard enough. Nine million roubles for having taken care of Kuldja were asked ; to that China made no objection ; she is always ready to pay. Then, instead of the "strategic points," i.e., the passes which would have laid China open to her northern enemy, one valley on the river Ili was demanded, as a refuge for such Mahometans as might feel alarmed when the Russian army of occupation was withdrawn. They would be many ; for past experience had shown that the Chinese are not forgiving to rebels. This, too, as it touched the honour of Russia, was readily conceded. The hardest fight was over the stipulation for

an open way from the Siberian frontier to Hangkow, a great town on the Yang-tse, of which the trade is already almost wholly in Russian hands. The Chinese had to give way on this point too; and now Russians have much greater freedom of movement in China than any other people; they can come in when they like, and travel about and trade just where they please. This seems very unfair; English and French each shed their blood to get the door of the Celestial Empire half open, and now there is to be no door at all for those who never fired a shot, nor spent a penny in the struggle.

So for the present there is peace; only for the present, for China has a deal of bull-dog tenacity, and will never give up the hope of getting back her valley and shutting up her side door, and if Russia uses her Pacific fleet for annexing Corea, there will be another ground for ill-feeling. The Chinese have often recovered Dzungaria before now; and they no doubt trust to Nihilism and the low state of the Russian exchequer, to give them the chance of doing it again.

China has had dealings with Dzungaria, and the neighbouring countries, for more than two thousand years. Wou-ti, "the warlike emperor," of the Han dynasty, raised a great army, some two centuries before Christ, to secure from inroad the north-western frontier. His general, Ho-Kiou-Ping, drove back the Huns (Hioug-nou), and established a cordon of border-provinces, Dzungaria among them, in which cities were built and rulers set up who were authorised to bear the title of wang (king). These subject-kings had to be again brought under early in the seventh century, and a little later China was mistress of the whole country from Kashgar to the Caspian, and was even giving kings to Persia. By-and-by, the Chinese power declined. Arab missionaries, scimitar in hand, conquered some of her outlying provinces; tribes from Thibet overran others; and then came the Mongols and Ghengis-Khan. Ghengis left Dzungaria a blood-stained desert, which, by-and-by, was settled by Kalmucks, who gradually spread over the whole north-west from Thibet to Siberia. It was not till the beginning of the last century that China was able to recover her lost ground. The war ended in the massacre or expulsion of the Kalmucks. The survivors fled to the Volga, and the land was re-peopled chiefly with Mahometans from Turkestan and else-

where. Hence the troubles which led to the Russian occupation of Kuldja. They began far away to the south, in Yunan. If you have anything like a good map of China, you will see Tali-foo marked in the north-west of Yunan, near a lake, and among some rivers whose course the map-drawer seems to have shaped for ornament. Anyhow, Tali-foo is famous for silver-lead mines, which were worked by Mussulman as well as Buddhist miners. Christianity, once widely spread (the Nestorian form of it) over China, had died out; but Mahometanism survived, though chiefly confined to the western provinces where there would be more "moral support" from co-religionists in Turkestan. Yunan in the south-west, Khansu and Shensi in the north-west corner of China, were specially Mahometan provinces. The Chinese are fairly tolerant, as becomes a people whose state religion is the decorous agnosticism of Confucius. When our religious settlements and (oftener) those of the French Roman Catholics have got into trouble, the fault has generally been due to the unbearable interference of the missionaries themselves. But the Chinese have a weakness for pork; Charles Lamb tells us at what cost they learned how to eat roast pig. To the Mussulman, who is but a Jew with a very slight difference, pork is an abomination; and the Yunan Mahometans, rough fellows, like miners all the world over, could never see a Chinaman eating a dinner of pork without calling him bad names.

In 1855 things grew worse. The Mahometans everywhere were restless; the trouble reached as far as Kashgar, and in Yunan there was the extra annoyance that they had got hold of a far richer lode than those worked by the pork-eaters. The "greased cartridge" business will remind us what a little thing may, where religious observance is in question, stir up a mighty mischief. It seemed as if all the Mahometans of the empire would soon move westward and help to secure the independence of that Kashgar which the Chinese were so loth to let slip out of their hands. So, in 1856, the governor of Yunan determined to have a St. Bartholomew's Day for all the Mussulman inhabitants. They were to be killed all the country over on the same day and hour; and where they were few in number they were killed accordingly. In some places, however, like the Jews in the book of Esther, they made head against the "trustful and resolute

men" appointed to massacre them. They seized and held Tali-foo and other places; and, at last, in 1862, Dzungaria (of which Kuldja is the western corner) rose, and the wild tribes of the mountains, between whom and the Chinese there is never any love lost, took advantage of the confusion to make raids into the plains. That Yunan governor had timed his attempt very ill. China was in the throes of the Taeping rebellion; and England and France were forcing unwelcome treaties upon her at the bayonet's point. She had to leave Yunan to itself, and its capital soon fell into the hands of the Mahometans. And now came one of those strange changes of policy not uncommon in the East, and unaccountable to us because we know nothing of the motives of the actors. Suddenly the rebel leaders sent to the local mandarins and offered peace on certain conditions, one of which was that their chief, Ma-Hsien, should be made brigadier-general in the imperial army. How was this to be managed? The mandarins, after their fashion, had been falsifying the course of events—telling the court of Peking about their brilliant successes, and how the arch-rebel, Ma-Hsien, was nearly finished up; and now they would have to obtain for this arch-rebel his commission as general. Luckily for them, Peking is a long way off; so they persuaded Ma-Hsien to change the last half of his name, and as Ma-Ju-lung he was duly gazetted. But the war did not end, though the rebel chiefs had submitted. It is not the Chinese way to accept in good faith submission of that kind. Their movement is like the tide on a sandy coast, quietly creeping on, but irresistible. Everywhere China has recovered her own, save in the one corner which she was weak enough to allow the Russians to take care of for her. Her victory has been a cruel one, bringing desolation on the provinces that she has regained; but then, her feeling was that the Mahometans, being dead, would be got rid of, and that China has plenty of spare colonists for any number of depopulated provinces. How she behaved in Kashgar, where Yakoub Khan had established the little empire which ended with his mysterious death, we must not pause to tell. In Yunan the cruelty of her troops was incredible. After the capital was taken the Mahometan warriors were slowly hacked to pieces with sabre-cuts, or buried head-downwards with their legs in the air like posts. All the old men were beheaded,

and their heads ranged along the battlements. The women were sold as slaves, a fate which at other places they avoided by leaping down the wells, after first poisoning their children with opium. Some of these women had been taking part in the war. The wife of a Mussulman general commanded a troop of horse; she and her husband were taken prisoners, but she managed to contrive his escape, which the disappointed mandarins revenged on her in the most savage manner. At last Tali-foo, the last Mussulman stronghold, was taken; their last chief dressed himself in imperial yellow, got his yellow palanquin ready, and having previously poisoned his wives and children, himself took poison, and was carried in a dying state before the conquering general. This enlightened mandarin had his captive's head embalmed and sent to Peking, and, by way of warning to Yunan-foo, despatched thither twenty-four mule-panniers full of human ears stitched in pairs.

Long after it was all over China asked for Kuldja back again; and no wonder Russia was unwilling to give it up, for it seems a delightful land, all the more delightful as the approach to it from the one side is across the grim Siberian steppe, and from the other over the howling wilderness of Gobi.

In some of our maps it is coloured as Russian, and seems to be separated from Dzungaria by mountain ranges; its river, the Ili, draining into Lake Balkhash.

It is almost the only part of Central Asia where the soil produces enough for man's sustenance—not without man's help, though, for there is very little rain; but the Chinese have covered all the land with a network of irrigation canals. Though successive wars have thrown most of these out of gear, the country is still a delightful oasis—wooded valleys, fresh streams, and meadows which a recent French traveller compares for richness with those of Normandy. Its importance to China is great; for an enemy, holding it, could threaten alike the south and the north of the empire, one high road to Kuldja leading by a succession of oases from Turfan past Karashaar and Ak-su to Kashgar, whence several passes open into the Ili valley; the other, also from Turfan, working its way past Urumsti to the Siberian district-capital Semipolatsinsk, whence the entry is by the Talki Pass.

Rich in coal and several kinds of metal, Kuldja is a very garden of Eden by reason

of its abundance of fruits—grapes, apricots, apples; while, in the low grounds, there is heat enough to grow rice and cotton. Just now it is in evil case; for the Mussulman population has mostly emigrated, leaving villages in ruins, and the blackened walls of burned farm-houses. The capital, which used to contain about a hundred thousand people, has been, during the Russian occupation, more than half empty, for the Russians sent off every human creature out of the Mantchoo city, one of the two portions into which it is divided. The Chinese are coming back, and are trading with the remaining Mahometans; and it is to be hoped that they will honestly carry out the amnesty which the Russians have forced them to pass.

Whether the peace will last or not depends on Russia's ability to undertake a costly war. She has annexed Saghalien, and made, not only the Amoor, but a big slice of the east of Mantchooria her own. If she takes Corea, she will be very near Peking; and her next step will be to annex the rest of Mantchooria, and, pushing on in both directions, from Corea in the east, and Dzungaria in the west, to occupy all the Chinese territory north of the desert of Gobi. This will, indeed, be a breaking up of China into pieces, for Mantchooria is the home of the ruling race, and the recruiting ground of the best soldiers. No wonder the Chinese are pushing colonists as fast as they can to the banks of the Amoor, hoping in this way to make the Russian advance more difficult. Russia has already begun to cry out, and to talk of forbidding the settlement of Chinese in her territory; but, though it would be dangerous to leave a Chinese population behind when they pushed on southward, the Chinese are so useful, and so rapidly improve the country in which they settle, that it is hard to say "no" to them. Every year that lack of money, and home troubles, and the Eastern Question keep Russia quiet gives China more chance. She has arsenals where Krupp and Gatling guns and Remington rifles are turned out; she has plenty of torpedoes, and knows how to use them; and every year the number of her matchlock men, and of the "braves" who use bows and arrows and make a clatter with a sword in each hand and frighten the enemy by the horrible faces painted on their shields, grows less and less. The struggle must come some time or other. Russia has a chronic greed of conquest; but China has a teeming population, which

the emigration to California and Queensland does very little to keep down. Even if, as they tell us is to be the case, all the north coast of Australia becomes Chinese (unless we first people it with Hindoos), overpopulation will still be felt in China. How if, by-and-by, these millions learn the secret of their strength, and under some really gifted leaders, push westward, streaming out through the Kuldja passes as their Mongol kinsmen did of old, no longer armed with bows and arrows, but with the weapons and the discipline of scientific warfare? Where would Europe be then? The Anglo-Saxon race is to give its speech and institutions to the world, but it is still outnumbered, five to one at least, by the Chinese. Such an invasion, remorseless, with the fixed purpose of setting up the yellow race in the place of the white, is quite possible if China has time to get still better armed and disciplined; and though it might fail in its object, it would be the most terrible inroad the world has ever seen. It might at least settle the Eastern Question by bringing Russia under tribute, as "the Golden Horde" kept her almost till yesterday.

But China is not likely ever to act in that. She has started on the road of progress, i.e., trade and manufacture, and increased comforts; and she will never think of sending out her millions as successive swarms of invaders of Europe were sent out in the old days from one part or another of "the northern hive." To this there is the twofold answer, the pursuit of trade is no security for peace. Look at Europe since that 1851, which, with its Great Exhibition, was to usher in a reign of universal peace founded on mutual self-interest. Whatever talkers may say, the fact remains, that now, as of old, by far the larger number of wars are trade wars, not the work of the aristocracy but of the merchant class. The peace, which in Walpole's time really seemed to have settled on Europe, was broken by the determination of the English traders to share in the South Sea wealth. And wars like that which was egged on by the tale of "Jenkins's ears" have been common before and since. China surely must feel this; everyone of the wars which have been so destructive to her has been a trade war. "Progress," therefore, and commercial activity, need not mean peace. If it is his interest to do so, the Chinese trader will be as keen for war as any other man. Again, what a pattern Christian

Europe, armed to the teeth, sets these Celestials! We need not expect any higher principle than self-interest to rule them, for they see that no such principle works in the enlightened West. Altogether, it is just as likely that the Chinese should, in a generation or two, swarm out in a vast invading host on Europe and Western Asia, as that the lack of domestic servants here at home should be supplied—as some have prophesied that it will be—by Chinese cooks and washermen, and house “boys.” Perhaps, in this view of things, it is just as well that Russia should push on and prevent the Celestials from getting that quick insight into the art of modern war, which will make their millions so formidable in any enterprise like that which we have been dreaming of. Chinese armies have hitherto been mobs, certainly not made up of cowards, for the men who ran from our red-coats and blue-jackets hanged themselves by scores rather than bear the shame of defeat. Give these mobs intelligent discipline and modern appliances; and their numbers, their dogged tenacity of purpose, and their way of holding together, will make them very terrible indeed.

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER XXXVI. SMOOTH WATER.

WITH each day that passed Miss Chevenix learned to appreciate more highly the value of the expedient by which Mrs. Mabberley had proposed to solve the difficulty that had seemed so formidable. She had at first suffered real pain from the impossibility of telling Mr. Horndean the truth, but when she found that the object she desired could be accomplished as successfully by telling him what was not the truth, she was almost as well pleased. After all, the other feeling was a mawkish sentiment. To succeed was the only thing of importance. Why should she care, she to whom truth and falsehood were merely words? She was consistent, and she did not care; stuff of that kind was a result of the influence of love upon weak minds; she had been only passingly touched by it. The false explanation that released her from her difficulty, and satisfied her lover, was the best thing for both.

Mr. Horndean behaved perfectly. At first he did not want to listen to the story that Beatrix begged him to hear; but she

assumed so resolute and so dignified an air that he found he must attend to this unpleasant business; and she proceeded to explain it, not very clearly, indeed, but in fair-seeming detail. She had, with Mrs. Mabberley's assistance, provided herself with a note-book, and a small bundle of prospectuses, and she had, quite pat, the names of several enterprises which had been set on foot with the purest motives and the fairest prospects, but had come to grief on account of the stupidity or the malice of moneyed mankind, as displayed either by its never supporting or promptly withdrawing from them. Her lover took the note-book and the prospectuses out of her fair hands, threw them down, and begged her to spare herself and him the worry of going over such unprofitable ground. She submitted gracefully, and he assured her, with perfect sincerity, that he did not consider the matter worth a thought, and regretted it only because it had power to bring a look of care into the heaven of her face, which he would always have as cloudless as it was divine. As for Mrs. Mabberley's conduct, Mr. Horndean was disposed to be very easy and apologetic in his treatment of that. Of course he discussed it as though he, himself, had always possessed a “head for business,” and had invariably employed his head in the transaction of business. That was natural and manlike and although Beatrix had heard from Mrs. Townley Gore a good deal about Mr. Horndean, when he was Fred Lorton, at which time he would have been more conducive to the comfort of himself and other people if he had numbered prudence among his virtues, she listened with perfect gravity. Her glossy head nestled softly against his shoulder, her white hand lay confidently in his, her thick eyelashes drooped, her lips were not stirred by the very slightest smile, and yet she was very much amused. For nothing could blunt the cynical edge of Beatrix's sense of humour; not her apprehension for herself, nor her love of her lover, which was as ardent and as strong a passion as he could desire. Indeed, it sometimes touched him with a vague uneasiness, perhaps because he had seen and experienced a good many shams, and never until now the real thing.

“We must not be hard on her, my queen,” he said with his head bent towards her nestling face; “she meant well, and no doubt she has singed her own wings pretty badly also. Nine times in ten women who dabble in speculation make an utter mess

of it; their vanity gets in the way, you know; and those promoter fellows and people of that kind flatter them with the notion that it's a deuced clever thing for a woman to understand finance—and so it is, mind you, in any other way except spending money. None of them are bad at that, and I should not like them if they were."

"No?"

"No, certainly not. Women who are always thinking of small economies are simply odious; they spoil everything for one, they take the flavour and the go out of life."

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.' I never did think of small economies; but, if it were not for you, Frederick, I should have been obliged to think of them, and to practise them, too, as a result of Mrs. Mabberley's unusual faculties for business."

She flashed her bright eyes at him as she raised her head from his shoulder, and he was not sure whether the flash meant anger or amusement.

"What an idea! At all events I am indebted to Mrs. Mabberley's talents and tastes; they have made it worth my while to be Horndean of Horndean."

It was gallantly said, and Beatrix rewarded the speech with one of her rare kisses, after which her lover was not inclined to talk of money any more. Nor was Beatrix unwilling to change the subject for that inexhaustible one—the lovers' future—but, although she had got her story told more expeditiously, and more successfully, than she had anticipated, there were just two points remaining to be impressed upon Mr. Horndean's attention.

"Stay, Frederick," she said; "you must let me say something more, and then, if you wish, we may lay the subject by for ever. I don't want to blame poor Mrs. Mabberley myself; she has been too good to me, in spite of all her mistakes, for that—"

"Angel!" murmured Mr. Horndean, in a parenthesis of admiration.

"And it would pain me very much that other people should blame her. When she told me the whole sad truth, acknowledging that all my money was lost, and confessing that she had not had courage to go into the accounts, as she called it, until the near prospect of my marriage" (a second parenthesis occurred here) "made it impossible to shirk them any longer, she said one thing

which struck me very forcibly, not because of the effect it would have upon you—I knew I need not care about that—but because of the truth, the convincing truth, of it to other people—to your sister, for instance.

"And what was that truth, my queen? And what are other people, even including my sister, to you and me?"

The sentiment implied in the latter question was of the insolent and cynical kind that Beatrix shared and liked, but just at that moment it did not suit her to sympathise with it.

"Other people, and especially your sister, must always be a great deal to us; we cannot help that. What Mrs. Mabberley said was that everyone who came to know anything about my affairs, and particularly Mrs. Townley Gore, would be aware that when I accepted you I had no notion I should be a penniless bride. You must see, Frederick, that there is a satisfaction in this for me."

"I shall try very hard to see it, if you bid me do so, my beautiful darling; but I can hardly believe there are fools in the world so foolish as not to know that no riches could add to, and no poverty could take from, the treasure you gave me that day. At all events, I will answer for it that my sister is not one of those fools. Why, I first heard of you and of all your charms, from her!"

Beatrix did not smile, but she remembered that the charms of that bygone epoch included her own supposed possession of the pretty little fortune which had enabled her father to keep up a smart house in Mayfair, with everything "in a concatenation accordingly." Beatrix knew Mrs. Townley Gore a good deal better than Mr. Horndean knew her, for he had forgotten many of the experiences of Frederick Lorton; but what she did not know was the selfish hardness with which his sister had treated Frederick. If she had known this, Beatrix would have divined the secret uneasiness which constantly beset her friend, and kept her on her good behaviour towards her now important brother, and she would have thought less of Mrs. Townley Gore's probable action in any matter concerning herself. Not knowing this, she was apprehensive, for the business faculties of her lover's sister were not mythical, and the determination with which she could pursue an object was one of her strong points.

If Mrs. Townley Gore should make up her mind to sift the story of Mrs. Mabblerley's unfortunate investments, she would inevitably come at the truth, or rather, at the falsehood of it, and then there would be a dangerous moment for Beatrix. To provide against the risk of this was her next move.

"Your sister has always been the kindest of friends to me," she said, "but so clever a woman as she is must necessarily blame me for being so stupid and so vague about all this horrid business. I should not like her to think me quite a dunce. She could not wish you to marry one, you know; and yet, dearest Frederick, even to avoid that I could not bear to have poor dear Mrs. Mabblerley cross-examined and worried, and——"

"Why, of course not," said Mr. Horn-dean, interrupting her eagerly. "The poor woman has enough to bear, with the loss she has brought on you and herself, and the mortification of finding out that she has been a fool where she thought herself a genius. But why should anyone cross-examine or worry her, if you don't? I can't see it. Especially my sister. What business is it of hers?"

"I thought," answered Beatrix, with captivating shyness, so novel to her that it was a fresh delight to her lover to observe it, "that when you tell her of our engagement, and—and our plans, she would be sure to ask all about my position and those odious 'settlements' that seem to be the chief thing when people in our world marry."

"Very likely she may want to know, and perhaps she may ask," said Mr. Horn-dean, with sternness in his face and voice which carried a pleasant assurance to Beatrix; "but it by no means follows that I shall tell her; and, in fact, I will not. Caroline and I are very good, but we are not intimate, friends, and we never shall be. Some day I will tell you why, and all about it. I am too happy, too richly blessed, to think of old grievances, or to resent old injuries, and it is only to set your dear gentle heart at rest about your friend that I refer to them even by saying that, when Caroline might have saved me from much harm by taking an interest in my affairs, she did not do so, and she shall never have a chance of meddling with them now."

"Does she know that?"

"I think she does; she is too sharp to be under any mistake about it. At all events, she shall know it when I tell

her of my happiness. If she asks me any questions I will pull her up very sharp indeed."

"But she must know about arrangements?"

"Certainly not; no one except my solicitors need know anything about them."

"I wish," said Beatrix with a smile that might have won her the fulfilment of any wish within her lover's power of granting, "I wish we could be married without any settlements at all. There's nothing now of mine to be 'tied up,' and nobody to tie it, and I would not have it tied if there were. What do we want with settlements, and a lawyer, Frederick, to vulgarise our marriage, and take your time up?"

"What, indeed, if you will trust me, my queen?"

"Trust you, when you are giving me everything! Oh, Frederick!"

"Then we will have no lawyer, and no 'business' about our marriage, dearest, and there will be a double advantage in keeping clear of everything of the kind."

"Will there? What advantage?"

"This. In addition to the fulfilment of your wish, nothing need be known of poor Mrs. Mabblerley's indiscretions until we are man and wife, and then it will not be of any consequence."

"I see that; how clever and dear of you to think of it," said Beatrix, with a secret thrill of exultation at having brought him so exactly to the point she had desired, but hardly hoped to reach. She had shot the rapids, she was in safe, smooth, shining water again—all was well. Now she might be free from fear and scheming and uneasiness, and give herself up to the happiness of her love, and the brightness of her prospects. Mrs. Townley Gore could do her no harm with Frederick, and her bondage to Mrs. Mabblerley would soon be a thing of the past, like a bad dream.

It was unpleasant to have to report progress to Mrs. Mabblerley; but Beatrix did this with the best grace she could.

Mrs. Mabblerley heard her to the end without interruption, and made this mental comment upon the little narrative:

"She has more brains than I gave her credit for; almost enough to have made it safe to trust her. She has played her game remarkably well, and mine even better."

To Beatrix she said, in her lowest, smoothest tone :

"It is fortunate that Mr. Horndean is a person so easy to deal with. His consideration for me is quite touching. When you are mistress of Horndean, and I am in Canada, my unfortunate speculations will afford a subject for gossip as harmless to both of us as it will be amusing to our friends. You may let Mr. Horndean announce his coming bliss to his sister as soon as you please now ; indeed, the sooner the better, as he is in so commendable a state of mind. And you had better consult Mrs. Townley Gore about your trousseau. That will be sisterly and nice, and judicious too, for you can order it regardless of expense, and she will not know who is to pay for it."

"I suppose you mean that Mr. Horndean will have to do that?"

"Of course. My unlucky speculations came in conveniently there too. He is never likely to ask you whether you ordered your trousseau before or after you made that terrible discovery. You have no money, I suppose?"

"I am as rich as I was the day you invited me to come to you," said Beatrix bitterly, "with the difference that I have lost my mother's pearls. I have just five pounds."

"You shall have some money for small expenses. Those pearls are a sad loss ; the value of them, if you had been obliged to sell them, would have more than paid all you have cost me."

"I should never have sold them," said Beatrix angrily ; "and there was no question of repaying you."

"In money? Certainly not, my dear ; that is a correct statement, and mine was an idle remark ; only I was not sure that you were aware of the actual value of the pearls, as distinguished from their sentimental value. You will soon be indemnified for both, no doubt. Mr. Horndean will give you jewels, of course, and you will have the use of the heirlooms that Mrs. Townley Gore is so fond of talking about. They will become you, Beatrix ; you are just the style of woman to wear massive jewellery ; and, I suppose, it would be contrary to Horndean ideas to have them reset."

"I don't know," answered Beatrix with superb indifference. "Nothing has been said about them. If Mr. Horndean speaks of them to me, I shall request him to leave them alone until afterwards. I do not care about them."

"You surprise me ; I should have thought you would have cared very much about them. It will be another matter with jewels of your own—paraphernalia, I believe those are called. I hope Mr. Horndean will be liberal in that way."

"Thank you," said Beatrix coldly, "but I have told him I will not accept any other gift than this." She held out her left hand ; a splendid ring formed of diamonds and cat's-eyes adorned the third finger. "He brought it to me to-day."

Mrs. Mabblerley inspected the ring closely, holding the firm white hand of Beatrix in her thin yellow fingers with a strange nervous clutch. A tinge of colour rose in her whitey-brown cheek, a spark of eagerness shone in her dull grey eyes, as she pored over the five large stones.

"You're a fool," she said, "not to have a set of these while you can get them. No man is ever so generous, or has so quick an eye for the becoming, afterwards. Take my advice : change your mind, and have a set."

She relinquished Beatrix's hand as if reluctantly, and her glance followed the ring.

"No," said Beatrix ; "I shall keep to my intention. I daresay you are right about men in general ; but if I choose to believe that I have found an exception to the rule, and it's a delusion, I harm nobody but myself."

"As you please, my dear," said Mrs. Mabblerley ; "and now I fear I must dismiss you."

Beatrix left her and went to her own room, where she found Delphine. The success of her scheme, the pleasure of her lover's visit, the sense of approaching emancipation and safety, an undefined feeling of relief with respect to Mrs. Townley Gore, and even a natural and harmless gratification in the possession of her beautiful ring, rendered Beatrix unusually complacent, and disposed to unbend a little even towards the detested Delphine. She actually showed her the ring, and told her that she was going to be married.

It would have taken an expert physiognomist to discern, when Delphine respectfully congratulated her mistress, that she had been aware of the fact almost as soon as Beatrix herself, and that it possessed an interest for her, apart from her own apparent concern in it.

Mr. Horndean was not mistaken in his notions of how his sister would receive the intelligence of his intended marriage. She was prepared for it, and at least resigned to

it. She was also keenly alive to the difficulty of her relations with her brother, and their tendency to become "strained" at any moment or through the least imprudence on her part. She met the situation with tact and temper, reminded Frederick how she had predicted his captivity by Miss Chevenix, wished him all happiness, and remarked that nothing could be more satisfactory to herself individually, as Beatrix was the one girl in the world whom she really found companionable.

"And as for her having no relatives or connections, it does not matter," Mrs. Townley Gore went on to say, "she is so well posée in society on her own account. After all, people-in-law are generally rather a bore. Apropos, what does that neutral-tinted creature, Mrs. Maberley, say to it?"

"Much that she might be expected to say to so important an affair of the person whom she had treated like a daughter," answered Mr. Horndean in a tone which gave his sister instant warning; "that she is very glad, and thinks me very lucky."

"You can't blame me, and I am sure Beatrix won't, for saying that I think the luck is equally shared between you."

Thus did Mrs. Townley Gore retrieve her one slight blunder, and then she wanted to know the earliest hour at which Beatrix could receive her, and sent Frederick off with a charming little twisted note to her sister-in-law elect. This Beatrix justly regarded as the sign and seal of the day's success.

"I think of Morrison for most of the things. She knows what suits me," said Beatrix, addressing herself to Mrs. Townley Gore.

The scene of the interview was a room in the house in Kaiser Crescent which had come to be known as Beatrix's, and the occasion was the confidential half-hour before dressing-time. The friends were sitting close to a bright fire, each within the shelter of an embroidered screen, and Delphine was folding and putting away some lace which they had just been inspecting.

"You cannot do better. I am quite sorry I gave her up."

"Ah yes, by-the-bye, so you did. I never knew why."

"It was on account of an unpleasant affair about that Miss Rhodes whom Mr. Townley Gore took up in such an absurd way. You saw her once or twice, I think?"

"Yes, I remember her perfectly."

"Well, my dear, I don't mind telling you now, though I did not care to do so before, that the girl insisted upon leaving our house in Paris, and betaking herself to Madame Morrison's. She had been at school with a niece of hers, or a cousin, or something, and there was a romantic friendship between them. I was delighted to get rid of Miss Rhodes, but it was not pleasant to have any sort of relation with the people she was with. Mr. Townley Gore had absurdly allowed her to call herself his ward—altogether it would not have done. But there's not the least reason why you should take any notice of the transaction."

"Is Miss Rhodes with these people still?"

"I have not the slightest idea," answered Mrs. Townley Gore with unaffected apathy. "She was with them in Paris when we last heard of her, in the summer."

Delphine had been standing quite still in front of an open wardrobe, with her back to the speakers, during this dialogue, and she had listened with keen attention. When they passed away from the subject of Miss Rhodes to other talk, she noiselessly closed the wardrobe doors, and left the room unobserved.

On the following day two letters addressed to Madame Morrison were despatched from Mr. Townley Gore's house. One was Miss Chevenix's order for wedding clothes on a scale of which Mrs. Maberley would have fully approved, had she been consulted; the other was an anonymous and ill-spelt letter written in French, in the following terms:

"MADAME,—You are the friend of Madame Lisle. You ought to know something that much concerns her. They say she is in Paris with you, and I hope this is true, for so you will be able to let her know that she may hear of her husband at a place called Horndean, near Notley, in Hampshire, England. He was there a short time ago, and the writer of this letter saw him."

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IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION
AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS;

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases; and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomeness, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by

their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's Camomile Pills, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

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All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey," are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two EE's*.

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PAST.			PRESENT.		
YEAR.	SUM ASSURED.	PREMIUM.	YEAR.	SUM ASSURED.	PREMIUM.
	£	£		£	£
1873	313,120	10,060	1878	492,340	15,039
1874	274,105	9,324	1879	470,615	15,172
1875	408,680	13,162	1880	544,841	18,845

THE RESULTS FOR 1881 TO DATE OF PUBLICATION HEREOF ARE
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EXAMPLES OF YEARLY PAYMENTS EXTINGUISHED BY APPLICATION OF PART OF THE BONUS TO THAT PURPOSE.

No. OF POLICY.	ORIGINAL PREMIUM.			ORIGINAL SUM ASSURED.	PRESENT SUM ASSURED.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
8,595	78	7	6	Nil	3,000	4,813	0 0
6,004	24	10	10	Nil	1,000	1,605	11 0
5,085	23	10	10	Nil	1,000	1,607	3 0

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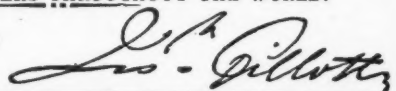
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